

THE RIGHT THING TO DO.

Republicans should remember that Cleveland is a condition, not a theory.

"It is a condition, not a theory that confronts us," Mr. Cleveland said, and all the republicans laughed. They found the phrase funny to the verge of absurdity, and they laughed over it and made jokes about it, and parodied and burlesqued it. And so they had a great deal of fun with it for a time. It was only for a time, however; and not a very long time at that. We would not for a moment deny that our estimable president-elect occasionally lets down the tail-board of the dictionary in places where, to our own taste, a severer simplicity of language would be preferable. It may be that there is a rotundity and a ponderosity about this particular sentence that makes it amusing to those who are easily amused. But, like most of Mr. Cleveland's utterances, it has a large amount of horse sense behind it, and it wears uncommonly well. This is shown by the fact that it is a considerably more effective and pungent statement to-day than it was when Mr. Cleveland first made it.

Mighty funny, wasn't it, gentlemen? Mr. Cleveland stood up and said: "Look here, things are going to get away from you. Here's a heavy war tariff taking the pennies out of hard working people's pockets, and a lot of the loosest kind of legislation using extravagant river and harbor bills and dishonest pension bills to rob the government of millions of dollars. This sort of thing is all wrong. It is wrong in itself and it breeds other kinds of wrong. It needs reform and it needs it immediately. It isn't a thing to fool with or to fiddle about. It ought to be right at once. There is no need of any fine talk about the matter—no need of any metaphysical argument—the thing is as plain as the nose on your face. In fact, it is a condition and not a theory that confronts us."

You thought that was mighty funny, and you laughed at it. Well, where is the laugh now? No, we are not trying to rub it in, to exult over your defeat, or to be mean about it in any way. We simply ask you to speak up fair and square and admit that Mr. Cleveland was right about it, and that you might have been better employed than in laughing at him. You may be republicans, but you are, we hope, first of all, and most of all, Americans. Now, if you really think to-day that Mr. Cleveland was talking with his mouth open, and not with his head, and that his brain, when he told you that the business system on which the government of this country is being run was both dishonest and dangerous, just step up and explain why you think so; and show what you can do for your relief. Here, then, is the question: back to office to meet a treasury deficit of no human being knows how much. He told you that such a condition of affairs was threatened. Such a condition of affairs exists to-day, and was brought about under your own management and in pursuance of your own theories. You laughed heartily at Mr. Cleveland's clumsy phrase. Well, what is it that confronts you now—a condition or a theory? What do you call a treasury deficit, anyhow?

You made it. Are you proud of it? You know perfectly well that the government was collecting more money than it had any rational or decent use for. You know perfectly well that millions upon millions of the money thus collected was paid out to satisfy fraudulent pension claims—not to help honest, deserving patriots—sold to bribe worthless scoundrels, who never smelt powder, to vote for your party and your pensions. Now, is that so, or isn't it so? If it isn't so, let us hear from you. We don't believe that you can show us one township in the United States where some local politician is drawing a pension who never got or could have been got by any human power within sight or hearing of the rebel forces who threatened the unity of our nation. On such scoundrels, and on the dishonest contractors who live on government building and dredging contracts, and whose money is squandered on the money collected from the people, cent by cent, dime by dime, dollar by dollar, not exactly without warrant of law, but with the thinnest kind of warrant ever devised by legislative ingenuity.

It is a condition and not a theory that confronts you. If you are good Americans you will face it frankly. Own up to the fact that long years of prosperity have made you selfish, self-conceited and disregardful of the people's needs and wishes. And then step up and help the people that have proved that they are in the right. That's a hard thing to do, but it's a manly, American sort of thing, and well worth doing. Put your self-conceit in your pocket; remember, like the poor old prize-fighter, that if you've been licked, you've been licked by Americans, and make up your mind that, if you cannot help the democrats, you will at least offer them no hindrance when they set out to make the pension-rolls honest and honorable, and to wipe out the inequalities and the unfairness of the tariff legislation which your party has foisted upon the country to suit its—it's a mean word, but there is no other—customers.—Puck.

A DULL DOCUMENT.

The President still harps upon the string of Protection.

That portion of the president's message which is not devoted to a review of the reports from the several departments of the government is mainly a laborious and ridiculous argument designed to convince the great majority of the American people that they did not know what they were doing when they voted against the republican party and the protective tariff. The very best that may be said of the message as a whole is that it is a powerful enunciation of a cardinal principle of genuine republicanism, that the people have the right to self-government and lack the ability to determine for themselves what policy of government is better calculated to advance their prosperity.

The president draws largely on the advance sheets of Commissioner Porter's census reports for figures to prove that the business wealth and other material interests of the country have enormously increased since 1890. He speaks of this development and progress as though they had not been fully understood or properly appreciated by the people who enjoy the benefits and blessings which come from them. He cites some estimates on the subject of the tin plate industry, submitted by a special agent of the treasury department, and deduces therefrom the pleasing assurance that "if existing

conditions were to be continued" all the tin plate could be used would be produced in this country at some indefinite period in the far distant future.

Professing "a most solicitous interest to preserve to our working people" higher rates of wages than are paid in Europe, the president quotes liberally from the report of Labor Commissioner Peck, of New York, statistics showing an increase both in the amount and the rate of wages paid in the manufacturing establishments of that state during the year following the passage of the McKinley tariff. By resorting to the pages of a discredited publication, made by a discredited official, for figures to sustain his "arguments," the president betrays a lack of decency which will occasion great surprise. Statistics which it was scarcely permissible to employ in a letter to a political committee, except as a recommendation for reelection are certainly out of place when used in an official communication addressed to the congress of the United States.

Mr. Harrison claims, of course, that the cause of the prosperity which the nation has enjoyed for thirty years is to be found solely in the protective tariff. "I believe," he says, "that the protective system has been a mighty instrument for the development of our national wealth and in protecting the homes of our workmen from the competition of want." Except as a recommendation for reelection are certainly out of place when used in an official communication addressed to the congress of the United States.

The president recommends that the majority in the senate do nothing at this session toward reducing the tariff, but to refer the whole matter to the next congress, which, he intimates, should be convened in extra session as soon as possible after his successor comes into office. He renews his demand for a force bill in order, as he says, "to secure free and fair federal elections," and takes final occasion to deplore the lawless hanging of negroes at the south.—Chicago Herald.

CONTEMPORARY COMMENT.

—If anything is settled by this election it is that the American people are not in favor of taxing themselves to death for the benefit of the tariff barons.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

—Mr. Dewey says that the republican party will "take higher ground" in regard to the civil service hereafter. It could not well get much lower than it is now.—New York Herald.

—President Harrison's office-holders helped Mr. Dewey renominate him.—N. Y. World.

—There was a decrease of about one million dollars in the treasury cash balance during November, but it is still large enough to answer all present needs up to the advent of the next administration, and that is as far as the republicans are interested in the matter.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat (rep.).

—Cleveland's triumph means new freedom and wider scope to American industry and American enterprise. The rule of the tariff barons is over. Prosperity to half a thousand interests that have flourished despite an exorbitant tariff. It will open new and broad fields to Yankee energy.—Boston Globe.

—Senator Cullom, of Illinois, interviews to the effect that he thinks the republicans should show more money than it had any rational or decent use for. You know perfectly well that millions upon millions of the money thus collected was paid out to satisfy fraudulent pension claims—not to help honest, deserving patriots—sold to bribe worthless scoundrels, who never smelt powder, to vote for your party and your pensions. Now, is that so, or isn't it so? If it isn't so, let us hear from you. We don't believe that you can show us one township in the United States where some local politician is drawing a pension who never got or could have been got by any human power within sight or hearing of the rebel forces who threatened the unity of our nation. On such scoundrels, and on the dishonest contractors who live on government building and dredging contracts, and whose money is squandered on the money collected from the people, cent by cent, dime by dime, dollar by dollar, not exactly without warrant of law, but with the thinnest kind of warrant ever devised by legislative ingenuity.

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TAX REFORM DEPARTMENT.

OUR NEW ASSESSOR.

He Was Too Zealous, and Did His Duty Too Well.

We had always thought that as a community, we, the people of Cross Roads Town, would be entirely happy if we could secure an assessor and tax collector an honest, reliable and zealous official. We see our mistake now. Our happiness was all in pursuit and not in possession. We have the model official, and we are more unhappy than we were.

The only fault we have to find with him is that he is too zealous. Biggins swung a new sign outside of his grocery store the other day, and our assessor, whose name is Miggins, happened along. Biggins had painted it, and he was flattered with Miggins' evident admiration, until he (Miggins) asked him for three dollars.

"Three dollars! What's that for?" "Oh, that's the tax on signs, you know."

Biggins paid it but he swears he'll get even with Miggins on weight.

Farmer Jones was building a hen coop last week, when Miggins swept down on the unsuspecting farmer.

"Ah, that's a nice hen coop. Cost quite a little sum, I should imagine."

"Oh, yes," said Jones. "But I don't mind the expense."

"No; and besides it's a good thing for the town," said Miggins. "Two dollars, please. I have to make my report this afternoon, and it's well to have it all in."

"Two dollars!" exclaimed Jones, in consternation.

"Yes; that's the town tax on hen coops, you know; we thought we'd make it light for you. The streets are now to be graded, and the town is growing. Is that your little daughter coming up the road? What a pretty child! And that's a little lamb she has with her? Is it yours? Really, I didn't know it. Belonged to you. Twenty-five cents, please."

That's the tax on sheep per head.

"I am going to show you how to collect. I had a little troupe with hogs yesterday. He was moving his house from one lot to another. I charged him with three separate assessments—the lot from which the house went, the lot to which it was going, and the house midway between the two. He objected on the ground that this made his taxes nearly one-third more than they ought to be. I said an assessor was bound to take things as he found them, and that's the way I found them. It was not my fault; I had to do my duty. I assure you he was quite violent. Good day."

And Miggins hurried down the road. The other day he wanted to tax the Widow Higgins on the elegant rosewood coffin in which her husband was buried, but we reasoned with him and told him it was wrong to tax a coffin. But he said that she could not be assessed on what did not belong to her, and that it was obviously impossible to levy on Higgins. It did not seem reasonable to our assessor that a dead man should not pay for luxuries of that kind. But we said to reason with Miggins. He is too faithful an official for that. He wants to do his duty. He started out for Mrs. Smith's when he heard that lady had twins, under the impression that he could collect from her under the poll tax. He was with difficulty dissuaded from this.

Nobody in the village owns anything nowadays. Under the argus eye of Miggins, wealth is rapidly disappearing—carriages are wheeled out of town, the profits of the cigar manufactory have seemingly all disappeared in smoke, our town watchmaker is working on half time, the book-sellers trade is all bound up, and the glimmerings of a candle factory have gone out entirely.

We are looking around for a less zealous assessor. Miggins is just too faithful. He does his duty too well.

JOSEPH DANA MILLER

To the Farmers Alliance.

The old proverb runs: "Experience is a dear teacher, but fools will learn of no other." The writer has worked long enough on a farm to know that few farmers are fools, that most of them have wisdom sufficient to profit by the experience of others, and to know too that there is not an active working farmer in all this broad land of ours who has not previous cause to lament the hardness of the times. When farms in Lancaster county, the garden spot of Pennsylvania, will scarcely bring the cost of their improvements, and when in the heart of the peach growing sections of the eastern shore of Maryland, farms on which nature's choicest gifts have been lavished, leave but a bare living after paying taxes, when farmers in Kansas burn corn for lack of coal, and coal miners in Pennsylvania are half starved for lack of opportunity to work and buy this very surplus of corn, it is evident that the cause and the cure must speedily be found and applied if we would avert the consequences that in all ages have followed such conditions. What then, can history tell us of the cases that produced like conditions in the past?

Mahomet Ali laid a tax of so much on each date tree in Egypt, and the date trees were cut down. Similar taxes spared the strength of the Egyptian peasantry, and to-day in that valley of the Nile when the name of Egypt is hallowed by the light of barbarism, we find the fellahs with life and spirit so thoroughly ground out that they meekly wear the yoke of one foreigner after another and in abject poverty toil unremittently to pay everything save a bare living to the agents of British bondholders.

Like injudicious and excessive taxation, it has made paupers of the Turks, once so vigorous that Europe's combined strength scarcely sufficed to turn back the tide of their invasion. Its effects are the same among Egyptians, Indians, whose tendencies are so good that crime is hardly a factor. It has impoverished Spain, once the wealthiest and most powerful nation of Europe. It has impoverished Italy, whose sales once ruled the world. It has driven the canny Scot and the thrifty German by thousands from their homes, and made Irishmen, in spite of their love for old Erin, aliens and wanderers over the whole earth. It breeds pauperism in every civilized community on the globe. It is to-day, in spite of our national pride, especially in the all important matter of taxation, and bargains and deals will dissolve like mist before the morning sun, and corruption in politics die with the cause that bore and nourished it.

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injudicious and injurious modes of taxation all other burdens are but a feather's weight. Our present system of taxation came down to us from those good old times when the robber barons of the Rhine levied toll on passing travelers, when the pirates of Tarifa enforced tribute from all traffic, and the thebes on which they operate is that of the blackmailer or the bandit; to take all that will enable the victim to live and bear future exactions. It has been well said and often repeated of this system of taxation that it "is the art of plucking the goose without making it squawk." Naturally, from this endeavor to tax everything, the working farmer is the greatest sufferer, for what little he has is in forms that can not escape the eye of the tax gatherer. Hence abandoned farms and the steady flow of emigration by law and by choice from home to cities, where to a great extent it is possible for industrious men to escape taxes on industry, for thirty men to accumulate without disorganizing the greater part of their savings.

When it is remembered that land in the State of Philadelphia has sold at the rate of nearly seven million dollars per acre, and that it brings prices running well up into the millions in all of our great cities, it can be seen how greatly farmers would gain by concentrating all taxes on real estate and exempting by law all personal property from taxes, especially if it be remembered that personal property in cities escapes taxation now in spite of the law.

BOLTON HALL.

Where Would a Tax on Land Alone Fall Heaviest?

From Circular of Kansas Farm Mortgage Board. The average farm in Kansas is valued at \$50 to \$100 an acre, and the amount loaned is generally two-thirds of its value, while the farms in western states are generally not mortgaged for more than two-fifths of their value, and the value of the property is not over \$20 to \$30 an acre, and is increasing in value.

To the Editor of The Tribune.—Sir: Permit me to call attention to an error in the article on "High Priced Real Estate," which states that the price just paid for the property on the northwest corner of Broadway and Liberty street, New York City, was \$1,000,000. The price ever paid for land on Manhattan island, with the exception of the land on which stands the Equitable building, for which over \$200 per square foot was paid.

The property on the southwest corner of Broadway and Liberty street, New York City, was sold to Matthew Wilkes in June, 1882, at a price exceeding \$300 per square foot, a figure far in advance of that paid for the Equitable site.

WM. D. MURPHY.

NEW YORK, March 18, 1890.

There are 43,560 square feet in an acre. If the value of the eastern lands at \$50 to \$100 is correct, we find that their value would be one and one-tenth mills (0.0011) to two and three-tenths mills (0.0023) per square foot, as against \$182 to \$320, the value of some exceptionally high-priced lots in New York City. The latter is the standard and taking the acre as the unit of measure, we find that the land—the bare land—in the neighborhood of Liberty street and Broadway is worth \$7,727,920 an acre, that the location for the Equitable building is worth some \$8,711,000 an acre, while the opportunities for labor at the corner of Broad and Wall streets are estimated to be worth the enormous sum of \$14,374,000 an acre.

But it may be said that these values are exceptional. So they are; but take an ordinary city lot and let us calculate its value per acre. The lot I live on measures twenty-one and one-half by one hundred feet, and contains, therefore, 2,150 square feet. It is valued at about \$14,000, or \$6.50 a square foot, or at the rate of \$283,140 an acre.

These lands are assessed for taxation an average of not over one-half their selling value. According to the compendium of the tenth census, in New York state the average size of farms, counting "improved land" only, is seventy-one acres, and that the value, "including land, fences and buildings," is about \$69 an acre. The value of the improved land, therefore, is about one-third of the value of the land, and the value of the improvements is about two-thirds of the value of the land. These farm lands are assessed at an average of not less than three-quarters of their selling value.

Home Rule for Americans.

Most of us favor home rule for Ireland. Many of us spend money and time in agitating for this needed reform there, but how few even of the latter reflect that there is no nation on earth in greater need of it than we.

Irish wrongs and Irish evictions; the corruption of her rulers; the brutality of her police, are tales familiar to our ears, and there can be no question that home rule would make their correction easier, but it is equally true that all these are injuries from which we ourselves are daily suffering, and that our own worst enemies come through home rule. To those who are satisfied with condemning effects without seeking causes or cures, it may be news that all our great cities fall far short of the measure of home rule necessary for good government.

Measure of vital importance to our interests are decided by the votes of men, intelligent enough where they have knowledge to guide them, but who are strangers alike to our needs and our desires.

Ignorance, however, is not the worst evil bred by the present conditions. So long as our cities are ruled, not by men chosen by themselves, but by legislatures a majority of whom are irresponsible to constituents who know little and care less about the cities' needs, just so long will corruption flourish, and the cities of England and Tweed fatten on plunder wrung from honest toilers.

The people of Ireland are not so helpless in the imperial parliament of the United Kingdom as are the people of even the greatest of our American cities. In Ireland the people have no voice, either the only or the greatest sufferers. Like a two-edged knife, corruption cuts both ways, and combinations are formed by which rural legislators may betray their constituents without fear of detection or punishment. Give to each locality the absolute control of local matters, especially in the all important matter of taxation, and bargains and deals will dissolve like mist before the morning sun, and corruption in politics die with the cause that bore and nourished it.

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Do You Wish the Finest Bread and Cake?

It is conceded that the Royal Baking Powder is the purest and strongest of all the baking powders. The purest baking powder makes the finest, sweetest, most delicious food. The strongest baking powder makes the lightest food.

That baking powder which is both purest and strongest makes the most digestible and wholesome food.

Why should not every housekeeper avail herself of the baking powder which will give her the best food with the least trouble?

Avoid all baking powders sold with a gift or prize, or at a lower price than the Royal, as they invariably contain alum, lime or sulphuric acid, and render the food unwholesome.

Certain protection from alum baking powders can be had by declining to accept any substitute for the Royal, which is absolutely pure.

Strictly a Newspaper.

The man was ugly, but the city editor of the Western Wind sized him up in two minutes.

"Is this the newspaper office?" inquired the caller.

"It is," replied the man at the desk.

"Didn't this paper say I was a liar?" and he began prancing.

"It did not."

"Didn't it say I was a scoundrel?"

"It did not."

"Didn't it say I was a bully and braggart, and whipped my wife?"

"It did not."

"Well, some paper said it."

"Possibly it was our contemporary down the street," suggested the city editor, as he crossed a paper-wreath.

"This paper publishes only what is news,"—Detroit Free Press.

In Paris a novel apparatus has been fixed in front of the windows of a few shops, pioneering the way for the introduction of the invention. It consists of a small pipe laid along the exterior of the show window, from which pipe, through numerous holes, is emitted a gentle current of warm air, slightly scented, which is very agreeable to the shop window gazers to sniff, while it keeps the window clear and bright, thus more effectively displaying the contents.

THE MARKETS.

New York, Dec. 12, 1892.

CATTLE—Native Steers... \$ 3 15 @ 5 50
COTTON—Middling... 21 00 @ 22 00
FLOUR—Winter Wheat... 2 00 @ 2 10
WHEAT—No. 2 Red... 2 00 @ 2 10
CORN—No. 2... 50 @ 51 1/2
POPK—New Mess... 15 00 @ 16 00

KANSAS CITY.

COTTON—Middling... 21 00 @ 22 00
FLOUR—Winter Wheat... 2 00 @ 2 10
WHEAT—No. 2 Red... 2 00 @ 2 10
CORN—No. 2... 50 @ 51 1/2
POPK—New Mess... 15 00 @ 16 00

ST. LOUIS.

CATTLE—Native Steers... \$ 3 15 @ 5 50
COTTON—Middling... 21 00 @ 22 00
FLOUR—Winter Wheat... 2 00 @ 2 10
WHEAT—No. 2 Red... 2 00 @ 2 10
CORN—No. 2... 50 @ 51 1/2
POPK—New Mess... 15 00 @ 16 00

CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Native Steers... \$ 3 15 @ 5 50
COTTON—Middling... 21 00 @ 22 00
FLOUR—Winter Wheat... 2 00 @ 2 10
WHEAT—No. 2 Red... 2 00 @ 2 10
CORN—No. 2... 50 @ 51 1/2
POPK—New Mess... 15 00 @ 16 00

NEW ORLEANS.

CATTLE—Native Steers... \$ 3 15 @ 5 50
COTTON—Middling... 21 00 @ 22 00
FLOUR—Winter Wheat... 2 00 @ 2 10
WHEAT—No. 2 Red... 2 00 @ 2 10
CORN—No. 2... 50 @ 51 1/2
POPK—New Mess... 15 00 @ 16 00

CINCINNATI.

CATTLE—Native Steers... \$ 3 15 @ 5 50
COTTON—Middling... 21 00 @ 22 00
FLOUR—Winter Wheat... 2 00 @ 2 10
WHEAT—No. 2 Red... 2 00 @ 2 10
CORN—No. 2... 50 @ 51 1/2
POPK—New Mess... 15 00 @ 16 00

ST. PAUL.

CATTLE—Native Steers... \$ 3 15 @ 5 50
COTTON—Middling... 21 00 @ 22 00
FLOUR—Winter Wheat... 2 00 @ 2 10
WHEAT—No. 2 Red... 2 00 @ 2 10
CORN—No. 2... 50 @ 51 1/2
POPK—New Mess... 15 00 @ 16 00

PORTLAND.

CATTLE—Native Steers... \$ 3 15 @ 5 50
COTTON—Middling... 21 00 @ 22 00
FLOUR—Winter Wheat... 2 00 @ 2 10
WHEAT—No. 2 Red... 2 00 @ 2 10
CORN—No. 2... 50 @ 51 1/2
POPK—New Mess... 15 00 @ 16 00

SEATTLE.

CATTLE—Native Steers... \$ 3 15 @ 5 50
COTTON—Middling... 21 00 @ 22 00
FLOUR—Winter Wheat... 2 00 @ 2 10
WHEAT—No. 2 Red... 2 00 @ 2 10
CORN—No. 2... 50 @ 51 1/2
POPK—New Mess... 15 00 @ 16 00

SPRINGFIELD.

CATTLE—Native Steers... \$ 3 15 @ 5 50
COTTON—Middling... 21 00 @ 22 00
FLOUR—Winter Wheat... 2 00 @ 2 10
WHEAT—No. 2 Red... 2 00 @ 2 10
CORN—No. 2... 50 @ 51 1/